

Sins on the teeth of dooms Thayer.  
By Mrs. Stockwell.

To manions far on high  
Mansions prepared for all the saints  
Those who in Jesus die.

Lord help my spirit to ascend  
By faith on humble prayer  
By faith that brings the cordial down  
That sooths the mourner's care.

And lo a group of angels bright  
Descend down the middle air  
The breath of heaven filled the room  
Roamer's guard was there.

Parents and sisters we left  
Of one they held most dear  
She was a child but four years old  
A daughter bright and fair.

Parents and sisters trembling left  
While angels passed between  
They softly moved and silence kept  
While angels passed between.

Friends & physicians strove in vain  
Contagion to repel  
But how to heal or to restore  
There was no one could tell.

Although revealed to mortal eye  
They surely cannot lie  
When grieve is reigning in the heart  
The spirit eye can see.

In all their efforts made to save  
No prospect could they see  
Death with his iron grasp provided  
And gained the victory.

Her spirit trembling to depart  
Seemed solemnly to say  
Adieu to earth my late abode  
No longer can I stay.

I entered there when death had come  
To loved one to remove  
And there with mourning friends I gazed  
Upon the faded rose.

I bid a long adieu to sin  
And bless this happy hour  
I now shall cross proud Jordan's wave  
And never feel its power.

As quick as thought my vision flew

Farewell, farewell my parents, etc.  
It good that calls me home  
Angels are waiting to convey  
And Jesus bids me come.

God lent to you a pledge of love  
Not long with you to stay  
To draw your heart to Heaven close  
From earthly love away.

Now call on God your soul to cleanse  
From every sinful stain  
Such as I am you must become  
You must be born again.

Come low before the mercy seat  
And find your sins forgiven  
Sisters prepare to meet your bid  
And dwell with me in heaven.

Then struck with awe I turned away  
To shun the solemn sight  
And when I did return again  
Her soul had took its flight.

How happy must that spirit be  
From all that mortal riddan  
On Scraps lying wings conveyed  
To find her place in heaven.